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Preview

FOR JUNE

ART

Palace of Fine Arts, Juárez and San Juan de Letrán. Exhibition of Peruvian art, assembled from best collections in Lima. Open 10 am to 5:30 pm. Closed Mondays.

Galería Círculo de Bellas Artes, Niiza 43. Drawings and a frieze by Saturnino Herrán, 19th century painter of folkways and history.

Galería Clemente Orozco, Peralvillo 55. Contemporary building in a honky-tonk section, designed to take art to the people. Children's work scheduled to replace Library of Congress collection of American engravers. Open 11 am to 7:30 pm.

Galería de Arte Los Tlacuilos, Insurgentes and Pensylvania. First half of June, works of Joaquín Clausell, turn-of-the-century impressionist master.

Galería de Arte Mexicano, Milán 18. To June 15, paintings by Ricardo Martínez de Hoyos. Beginning June 20, tapestries by Leonora Carrington (see page 18). Open 10 am to 7:30 pm.

Galería de San Carlos, Academia and Emiliano Zapata. Collection of the National Academy of Fine Arts. Good colonial section.

Galerías Excelsior, Reforma 18. Collective exhibit on theme of "The Dance" by modern Mexican artists, held in connection with the magazine, *Artes de México*. Open 11 am to 8 pm, closed Sundays.

Galería Mexicana, Ramón Alcázar 6. Permanent exhibit of paintings



by Diego Rivera. Open 9 am to 8 pm.

Galería Nuevas Generaciones, San Fernando and Niños Héroes. *Directed Energy*, paintings of workers in action, by Juan Aceves Navarro. Open Monday to Friday, 9 am to 11 pm; Saturdays, 9 am to 8 pm; closed Sundays.

Galería Proteo, Génova 34. Mexican and European contemporary art, featuring Tamayo, Goeritz, Orozco Romero, Orlando, Cuevas, Bartoli and Gironella. Open 10 am to 8 pm, closed on Sunday.

Sala de Arte El Cuchitril, Juárez 30. A tiny gallery in the rear of a book store. Engravings by José Guadalupe Posada, early 20th century master. Open 8 am to 11 pm; Sundays, 10 am to 2 pm.

Salón de la Plástica Mexicana, Puebla 154. Exhibit by Arturo Estrada, director of La Esmeralda. Open 11 am to 8 pm.

Mexican-American Institute, Hamburgo 115. Exhibit of children's art from the Silvermine Guild School of Art in Connecticut.

MUSIC

National Symphony Orchestra. Customarily each concert is given twice: Friday at 9 pm and Sunday (Continued on page 2)

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Weekend 4-5. Water-skiing contest with competition in slalom, jumps and other ski wizardry, at Lake Tequesquitengo, near Cuernavaca. Star skiers including Samuel Zamudio, Fermín Fulda and Ricardo Olvera will be judges.

Sunday 5. Charro competition; Mexican horsemanship in rodeo feats. In full costume, and on choice horses. At Rancho La Tapatía, on Calzada Molino del Rey. Begins 11 am.

Early June. At Cine Orfeón, first public showing of the prize-winning film *Raíces* (Roots). Three stories based on Indian life, done with particular attention to beautiful photography.

Thursday 9. Corpus Christi Day. Celebrated throughout Mexico with special Masses, and also, in many places, festivals and fairs. It is the traditional custom to dress children in peasant costumes,



with gaily decorated little crates on their backs, filled with fruit, vegetables, baby chicks, little rabbits, and miniature household utensils. In all churches, priests bless the children bringing this symbolic first-fruits offering. The "toy" of the day—sold in churchyards—is a mule laden with

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OF SPECIAL INTEREST

various fruits and vegetables. The miniature crates on the smallest are packed with marzipan in all the lush colors of Mexico's fruit.

Friday 10 and Sunday 12. National Symphony Orchestra, guest-conducted by Thomas Mayer, presents Honegger's operatic drama *Joan of Arc at the Stake*, with Maria Douglas playing Joan. Drama director Celestino Gorostiza collaborates with the Symphony in this final offering of a brilliant season. Friday at 9 pm. Sunday at 11:15 am. Fine Arts Palace.

Monday 27. Opening of the New York Ballet Theater company at Fine Arts Palace. Directors Lucia Chase and Oliver Smith. Artists include Igor Youskewitch, Nora Kaye, John Kriza, Lupe Serrano.

Through June. *Teahouse of the August Moon*, translated by Rodolfo Usigli, produced by New York topnotchers Jean Dalrymple and Rita Allen, direction by Romney Brent. At Insurgentes Theater, Insurgentes 1587. Check dates and hours: Tel. 24-78-71.

Sunday Mornings - Open-air art fair in the Plaza on Villalongin; younger generation, interesting and reasonable. Also, band concerts in Chapultepec Park.

June - Silver Fair in Taxco, picturesque colonial town and center of original silver craft. Check date at *Turismo*, Juárez 89, Mexico, D. F.

June 4 and fortnightly - New vacation cruise service, linking San Diego, Mazatlán and Acapulco. Margo-Pacific Lines.

PREVIEW

(Cont'd)

day at 11:15 am. In the Fine Arts Palace.

June 3 and 5: Jascha Horenstein conducting; *Symphony N° 39*, Mozart; *Colorines*, Revueletas; *Symphony N° 1*, The Titan, Mahler.

June 10 and 12: Thomas Mayer conducting Honegger's operatic drama *Joan of Arc at the Stake*.

Chamber Music: Thursdays at 8:45 pm in the Sala Manuel M. Ponce of the Fine Arts Palace.

June 2: Italian Trio with Icilio Bredo, violinist; Dante Barzani, violoncellist; Maria Teresa Dauplat, pianist.

June 9: Piano recital by Stella Contreras.

June 16: Woodwind Quintet.

June 23: Maria Teresa Rodriguez, piano program.

June 30: International Trio with Franco Ferrari, violinist; Sally van den Berg, violoncellist; Armando Montiel, pianist.

Mexican-American Institute, Humbergo 115.

June 1: Young Monterrey pianist Borges, at 8 pm.

June 6 and 28: Songfest, 7:30 pm, with Maria de León Ortega, guitarist and singer.

THEATER

My Three Angels, Players, Inc., Villalongin 32. Directed by Broadwayite Harry Ellerbe. Through first three weeks of June. Box office 25-31-56.

Tea and Sympathy, Broadway success to be presented by Mexico City College theater in college auditorium. Kilometer 16 on Tepic highway. For information and reservations, call 25-18-01.

Despedida de Soltera, by Alfonso Anag, will probably still be showing at the Sala Chopin, Insurgentes and Puebla. Directed by Julio Taboada; cast includes Chula Prieto, Georgina Barragán, Aurora Segura, Magda Donato, Virginia Sánchez Navarro and Yoya Velázquez. Performances 7:30 and 9:30 pm. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays. Tel. 28-68-19.

Gigolo, Paul Gerald's amusing comedy in Spanish translation. Directed by Víctor Moya. Features Ignacio Navarro, Graciela Martínez, Ema Arvizu, Gante Theater, Gante 12. Performances at 7:15 and 9:45 pm; Sundays at 7 and 9:30 pm; closed Mondays. Box office 21-27-51.

La Mujer no Hace Milagros, an Usigli play directed by Aceves, with stage settings by Julio Prieto. Cast includes Francisco Mül-

ler, Hortencia Santoveña, Martha Valdez, Sara Montes, Armando Saena. Teatro Caracol, Cuba 87. Performances at 7:15 and 9:45 pm weekdays; 7:15 and 10 pm Saturdays; 5 and 7:30 pm Sundays. Box office 21-71-55.

La Pequeña Chozo (The Little Hut) by André Roussin. In Spanish. Directed by Pedro López Lagar, who is also a member of the cast, together with star Rita Macedo, Ernesto Alonso and others. At the Trianon, Hamburgo and Génova, México's newest theater, housed in a 19th century mansion and faithfully Parisian in atmosphere and decor. Beautiful garden and restaurant. Performances 7:15 and 9:45 pm; Sundays 4, 7:15 and 9:45 pm; closed Mondays.

Nina, comedy by André Roussin in Spanish version. Directed by Francisco Petrone. Stars Nadia

Haro Oliva, with Carlos Riquelme, Luis Beristáin, Eduardo Alcaraz and José Solé. Arlequín, Villalongin 26. Performances 7:15 and 9:45 pm; Sundays, 7 and 9:30 pm; closed Mondays. Box office, 36-86-73.

The Glass Menagerie by Tennessee Williams, in Spanish, is tentatively scheduled at La Capilla, Madrid 13, Coyoacán. Salvador Novo directs. Cast includes Virginia Manzano, Lucy Gallardo, Wolf Rubinsky. Performances 7 and 9:30 pm; Sundays, 5 and 8 pm; closed Fridays. Box office, 10-53-80.

Vaudeville and Burlesque: Follies Bergere, G. Leyva 41; Teatro Margo, Aquiles Serdán 14; Tivoli, Libertad 7.

MOVIES

Movies are not scheduled more than a week in advance. However,

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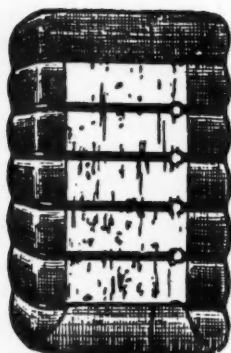
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here's what you're likely to find, and where:

For the best Mexican films: Palacio Chino, Iturbide 21, always; Orfeón, corner of Independencia and Luis Moya, and Olimpia, 16 de Septiembre 11, now and then. Dialogue in Spanish, no subtitles.

For European films: Paris, Reforma 72, and El Prado, Juárez 70, show mostly French films. The Arcadia, corner of Juárez and Balderas, specializes in Italian films. British productions are exhibited most frequently at the Real, corner of Balderas and Humboldt. All foreign films have Spanish subtitles.

For Hollywood films: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions appear at the Roble, Reforma 133; 20th Century-Fox and Paramount productions at the Mexico, Cuauhtémoc 130, and the Chapultepec, Reforma 505. The Metropolitan, corner of Independencia and Balderas, for Columbia releases.

LECTURES

Sala Manuel M. Ponce, Palace of Fine Arts, at 9 pm:

June 16 and 23: *Neoclassic Poetry*, speaker Octaviano Valdés
June 30: *The Mexican Novel*, speaker José Luis Martínez

Galerías Excelsior, Reforma 18. Lectures and discussions on various subjects, by Mexico's leading intellectuals. Thursdays at 8 pm.

SPORTS

Baseball, Mexican League, affiliated with organized baseball, AA classification, Parque del Seguro Social, corner Cuauhtémoc and Calzada del Obrero Mundial. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30 pm, Saturdays at 3:15 pm, double-headers Sundays at 11:30 am.

Boxing, Arena Coliseo, Perú 77. Professional fights at 9 pm Saturdays. Same time on Wednesdays, with lesser known boxers.

Frontón (Jai Alai), tentatively scheduled to reopen with top ranking Mexican and foreign players. At Frontón México, corner Ramos Arizpe and Plaza de la República. Usually three matches, beginning 7 pm. At the

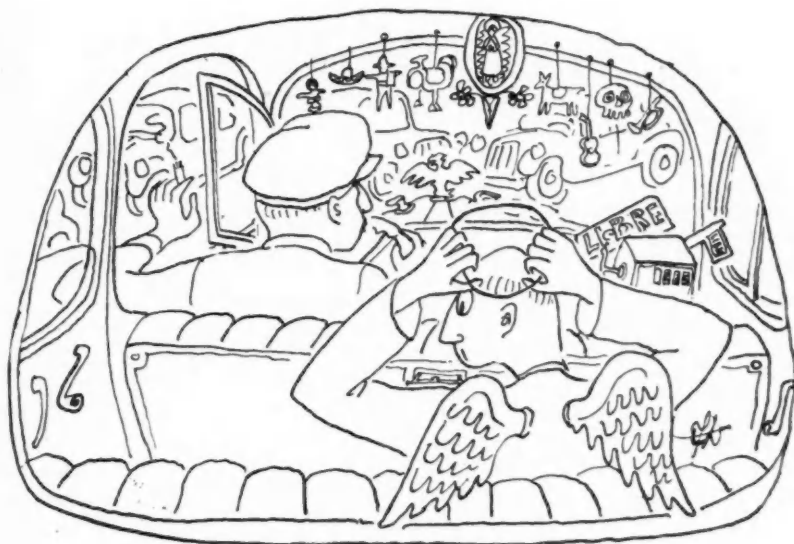
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On June 5: Contest between Metropolitan and National *charros* at 11 am.

Rancho del Charro, Ejército Nacional at Schiller. National Charro Association practices here. Same as above.

LORE

Blown Glass, Carretones 5. Factory and museum. Closed Sundays.

Cockfights. Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays at San Bartolo Nautcalpan, 10 miles beyond the suburb of Tacuba.

Costumes, Sala Riveroll, Colón 35. Regional dress from all over Mexico, plus dances and a style-show lecture on rebozos. Experts teach you how and when to use them. Wednesdays at 9 pm.

Dances, Mexican Folklore Center, Circulo Rodem (Rotary Club), Londres 15. Native dances in costume every Friday at 9 pm. For reservations phone 25-09-20.

June 5 to 13: Fiesta and fair honoring St. Anthony of Padua, in H. Cárdenas, Tabasco. Last two, days are the best.

June 23: Fiesta and fair in the Pueblo Viejo district in Navojoa, Sonora. Indian fireworks dances at night.

HORSES

Horse races at Hipódromo de las Américas, one of the world's most beautiful racetracks, continue in June as long as the weather permits. Some seasons have continued into July. Races take place Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays; first race at 2:15 pm.

Charreadas (rodeo, Mexican style): Rancho La Tapatia, Calz. Molino del Rey. Sundays from 11 am to 2:30 pm. Festival or practice. No admission charge for the latter,

Frontón Colón, Ignacio Ramírez 15, women players, using racquets instead of baskets, offer three "daily doubles" beginning at 5 pm. Frontón Metropolitano, Bahía Todos Santos 190, has five matches, beginning at 5:30 pm.

Soccer, Ciudad de los Deportes. This is to Latin America what football and baseball are to the U. S. Professional games between the top teams of the nation start at noon every Sunday. Don't miss this.

Wrestling, Arena Coliseo, Perú 77. Standard grunting and groaning Sundays at 5 pm and Fridays at 9:30 pm. Tickets are available at the box office after 10 am on the day of the event.

BULL FIGHTS

The formal season has closed. However, *novilladas* bullfights where young *toreros* who have not yet been officially accepted as matadors, perform with yearlings. Will probably be featured at the Plaza México on Insurgentes. Rancho La Tapatia and Rancho del Charro also schedule *novilladas* frequently, but without much advance notice. Check with travel agencies for schedules.

MEXICO *this month* -- EVERY MONTH!

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Letters

MAY MINIATURES

Dear Sir:

Héctor Manjarrez's photos interest me very much, and my limited knowledge of pottery makes me believe that the material used might be made of soap!... Or better, clay, sand and mica... My sister claims that they are made of clay... we shall be interested to know what substance was used.
¡Muchas gracias! Louise Piscopo,
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:

The miniatures illustrated on page 9 of MEXICO IN MAY were made of chewing gum.

Your magazine is certainly worth looking forward to read every month.

Sincerely, Inga M. Rodríguez,
México, D. F.

Chewing-gum is right. The sculptures were made in the little town of Talpa, which has long specialized in toys and miniatures made of *chicle*, the raw gum from which chewing-gum... the "familiar substance" generally used in other ways that our May issue described... is made Price of a package of chiclets, cum subscription, is on its way to reader Rodríguez, the only correct guess. But *gracias* just the same to reader Piscopo and others, for their try.

LONG-FELT NEED

Mexico This Month has received many letters from readers in the U. S. and Mexico, telling us that we fill a "long-felt need," and congratulating us on a good start. We are most grateful and would like to publish them all, but they are too many.

Our colleagues here and there, have sent us congratulations, condolences, and brotherly bits of advice... which is certainly much appreciated.

Being new as publishers, it gives us a particular lift to see our subscriptions coming in, regularly in daily batches, and from each we derive much more than \$2.50 worth of satisfaction — thank you!

We welcome letters of criticism too, and, in answer to queries as to whether we are prepared to answer questions about Mexico, well, our staff is small but endlessly willing. We can certainly try.

On our part, we will find guidance valuable in the sense that, we would like to know which pieces photos, kinds of articles or subjects interest our readers most... and what they would like to see published that we have not thought of.

MTM is written for a public that we know exists, in considerable numbers, but we are not yet very fully acquainted with you. Write us.

Anita Brenner



To our periodic distress we have found that the typewriter in Mexico, D. F. can be obstinately uninventive. But we cannot bring ourselves to the widely held belief that such inanimate unreliability, and all other phenomena of frustration, may be fairly laid at Altitude's door. Far too many calumnies are heaped upon, or rather thrown up at, Altitude. Sensitive to abuse, we have come to hold Altitude as our special darling. We believe that high-being is akin to high-mindedness, and that our Altitude, at this modest elevation, is, like a number of wives, above reproach.



Ever since the International Business Machine people hung their *Think* sign over a mechanical brain on exhibition at their Madison Avenue showroom, a few years ago, we have been sensitive to the unthinkable machinations of the human brain.

One of the most sensational examples of intellectual prematurity is the medical search, not for comprehension of Einstein's special mathematics, but for a comprehension through post mortem surgery of the mentality which produced them.

The great man willed himself to humanity alive and dead. If the powers of his mind have now been laid open by the knife, we fear they will not be within the powers of the observers to recognize or grasp. This is the most ambitious and hopeless project we ever heard of.

MEXICO/this month

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June 1955

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EDITOR, Anita Brenner

person to person

From time to time each of us on this staff labors under the delusion that his or her department is the one indispensable gimmick without which our little babel of languages and backgrounds would be just coffee-talk. The truth is, our one indispensable — the real juice, so to speak — is our corps of Indian runners.

They streak from one end of this beautiful gargantuan city to the other in at least as good record time, so it seems to us, as the relay men who brought Moctezuma his fresh fish every day from the coast. They bring our mail, collect the bills, take the copy, bring the galleys, pick up pictures, deliver packages, and above all, take messages — all of the highest urgency and importance in the logistics of our operation — from one member of the staff, to another.

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We use the Moctezuma system of communications not for imperial pomp, though it does feel luxurious, but because to "own" a phone is almost as select and difficult of achievement as a pair of wings or a yacht. The city has grown phenomenally fast, and telephones are prizes like low-rent leases. There is even a bootleg traffic in them. Runners are cheap.

Like every other enterprise in Mexico, we employ Indians who seem to have some system of their own for fast motion. One never sees them hurry. Yet they get there awfully fast, and in city shoes and suits. A headband and pair of shorts, bringing the loin-cloth up to date, Olympics style, would seem, to us, to be the rational and comfortable gear for running. We would not dare however, to suggest this to our corps. Those clothes mean something. They ran like anything to afford them.

A few days ago one of our staff — an artist — found us a runner appropriately dressed. The young man wore white breeches, *torero* length; a girdle and breechclout combination; and a beautifully embroidered lightweight jacket somewhat like a bolero. On his smoothly combed and coiled heavy braids he wore a small flat hat,



and glittering jewelry around his neck. He had run some six hundred miles, from the sierra section of one of the northwest states, to present a problem regarding irrigation for his people's lands, to the proper government department.



Our artist tried to persuade him to come to our office, to be "interviewed," photographed and, so said our hoity-toity piece of staff, finger-printed also no doubt. But he had no success because the runner, or possibly royal dignitary, did not understand Spanish. He knew just enough to ask his way down town. Sounded, our reporter said, like a tourist.

The one member of our enterprise who does not depend on runners is Angus. His communications reach us probably via cherub, as they appear on our desk by no transport that we can see. Along with sensible little notes on commercial matters, Angus writes us think-pieces. We begin to believe that although he makes much of having been a top-flight bookkeeper and business is business down to the core, he is really a writer nursing his thoughts and fine turns of phrase in secret. So we've assigned him a column, which takes that much wear and tear off the nerves of our staff, and above all, off the soles of the shoes of our runners, this being the most expensive item in their upkeep.

NATIONAL PANORAMA

Dr. Alfredo Navarrete
Director, Economic Research
Nacional Financiera, S. A.

Foreign long-term credits are playing an important role in the economic development taking place in Mexico. Since 1941 *Nacional Financiera*, serving as agent of the Federal Government, has been instrumental in securing 520 million dollars in such loans, chiefly from the World Bank and the Export-Import Bank. About 360 million have already gone to expand public facilities and build up basic industries.

Half of the funds secured have been employed in improving our communication and transportation system, in expanding and rehabilitating the railroads, new highway construction, and acquisition of new airplanes and electric trolleys. Another fourth was invested in increasing the nation's electric energy generating capacity.

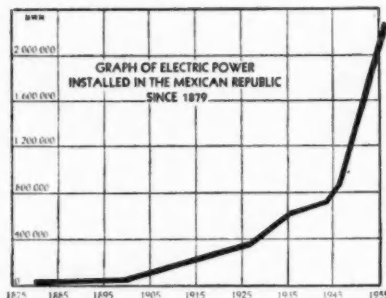
In the field of basic industry, foreign loans helped make it possible to put up a modern integrated steel plant in Monclova, Coahuila, and a model nitrogenous fertilizer and ammonia plant in Cuautitlán, State of Mexico. Agriculture has also benefited from new machinery and irrigation works financed from these funds.

Among recent World Bank loans, the one granted to the Pacific Railroad of Mexico is notable, both for its size — 61 million dollars — and its economic implications. This line serves the agriculturally important northwest coast.

Mexico has now become almost self-sufficient in wheat as a result of the development in this region; cotton has become one of our principal export crops; and green vegetables are shipped in quantity from this section to the U. S. during the winter. The railway loan will be used for rehabilitation and development, including replacement of track, bridge repair, the purchase of diesel locomotives, and modernization of communications.

News and Comment

\$\$\$: A good deal of American money continues to go into industrial expansion here. DuPont and Celanese are enlarging their operations, both putting up nylon plants. A new company, not yet fully organized along the mixed-capital (part Mexican, part foreign) plan favored by the government, is going into manufacture of industrial chemicals. Existing manufacturers have not been able to keep up with increasing demand. Last year caustic soda and sulphuric acid both figured on lists of considerable imports.



According to data from the D.G.E. and the C.F.E.

KWH: The biggest story of the month, business-wise, is the announcement by Electric Bond and Share of its plan to invest \$500,000,000 pesos (about forty million dollars) in expansion of power production. This represents an increase of approximately fifty percent of its present investment here.

Along with its proposal to bring in more money, E. B. & S. is overhauling its corporation set-up. It has consisted of eighteen separate companies, local operations mostly, set up or bought up over a period of twenty-five years, some operating under old charters and incorporated outside of this country. The new organization will consist of six companies, set up under Mexican law, and open to Mexican in-

vestors, this having been one of the principal requests made by the Mexican government in reviewing E. B. & S.'s petition for rate-raises.

Negotiations between various government departments and E. B. & S. officials have been going on, arduously, for almost a year. Although both were grappling with the same problem, i. e., insufficient power production for rapidly increasing demand (and particularly in newly opened agricultural areas), viewpoints were sharply different. E. B. & S. has long argued that it was unwise and impracticable for them to invest in expansion, their profits being uninviting for loanfloating in private money markets.

Acute power shortages, which E. B. & S. states they had long since forecast, forced solution of the impasse, and working agreements were arrived at in a manner that reflects credit on both sides, and points to a more modern type of relationship between private industry and government, than the old tussle and push that lost the oil companies their foothold.

Thirty million dollars of the projected investment is new money coming in, via the Ex-Im Bank, to cover the costs of equipment and materials to be purchased in the United States. Another portion, the exact sum not yet calculated, will probably also be new money, from private sources in the U. S., most likely E. B. & S. itself. And a third portion will be Mexican money, probably from the *Nacional Financiera* (National Finance Company), the government investment company that makes a policy of financing industry considered needful or desirable for national development.

WHO: The World Health Organization Congress, which brought to Mexico last month scientists from all over the world, focussed national attention on a series of experimental projects in social welfare launched some time ago by the Ministry of Health.

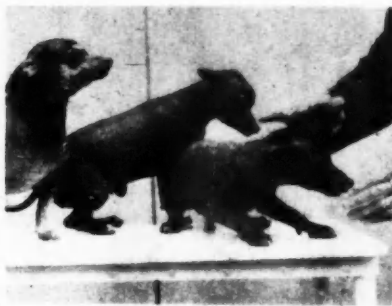
Delegates were taken on trips to visit several of these centers, in the states of Veracruz, Guanajuato, San Luis Potosí and Morelos. Scientists from countries with problems similar to Mexico's, such as India, found them of vital interest, and others said these visits, because they underscored peasant and rural Mexico, and rehabilitation and solution of chronic problems, were highlights of their stay.

Scientific point of the program in which there are now sixty "centers," or pilot-projects, is coordination of teaching and technical assistance in agriculture, health, and child welfare, drawing in the community to carry on the work itself. On the national scale, the program is carried on by a commission interlocking several ministries, but much of the push behind it has come from Health, due to the personal interest in it of Dr. Ignacio Morones Prieto, head of this Ministry.



Acapulco Hazards: Nothing creates quite so much fear in American families as the threat of polio. Rumors of an epidemic in Acapulco, based probably on reports from Mars — there being no terrestrial authority for them that we have been able to find — last month cancelled many vacation plans.

The Pan American Sanitary Bureau, whose business it is to keep tabs on communicable diseases and especially on epidemics, and which receives weekly reports on all cases turned in, told us that polio in Acapulco was news to them. The Department of Health believed that sometimes tourists who have been stricken with polio in Mexico had already contracted the disease before arrival.



Breeds: Pre-Columbian dogs, eleven specimens, made news at the recent Mexico City show of the National Kennel Club (*Asociación Canófila Mexicana*).

They were there due to the patient — not to say dogged — efforts of Mr. Norman Pelham Wright, who used to be a British colonel, but is now, so he says, "just a businessman." Mr. Wright first learned about these dogs when he was military attache to the British Embassy here, in 1943. He wrote an article for a London magazine, *The Field*. This produced some correspondence from various parts of the world, and similar dogs were reported from Turkey and the Belgian Congo.

Due to the strange, widespread, and yet spotty distribution of the dogs, which were reported also from Manchuria, Mr. Wright felt he was on the scent of something very ancient and most interesting. So he started a study of the distribution of these breeds on the American continent, and has just finished a full-length history of the subject.

Mr. Wright says these dogs were once pure breeds, but have degenerated because after the Conquest, people paid very little attention to what kind of company their dogs kept. The Mexican hairless, he says, isn't a pure

breed. Sure sign of it is that two hairlesses can have hairy puppies. This trait can be eliminated with a few generations of selective breeding, and he is looking for volunteers to keep pre-Columbian dogs for that purpose. He says you have to get them off the streets to produce purebreds.

Mr. Wright states that originally, or pre-Conquest, the Aztecs had two kinds of dogs, the *Xoloisquintle* and the *Tepeisquintle*. *Iscuintle* means "creature," but, the Nahuatl could have meant monstrous dog, naked dog, or page-dog. He feels the evidence indicates it means "dog belonging to the god Xolotl," who is identified with the nether regions, his function having been to guide the dead during their trip from the earth to any of the seven Aztec paradises.

Xoloisquintles were also fattened and eaten as a great delicacy. In Colima, red clay images of these fat-bellied, short-legged dogs were buried with the dead, to serve symbolically both as guides and rations.

The *Tepeisquintles* were smaller, thinner, and have a fawn-like look about them. No one is very sure what their function was, but nowadays they are considered therapeutic for asthma, malaria, women's stomachaches, and common colds. Both in northern Mexico and parts of South America, the therapy consists of putting the patient to bed with the dog on his or her stomach. Mr. Wright says this is not so strange as it sounds, because the dog is very warm, and being hairless is clean and has no fleas.

The Mexican hairless, Mr. Wright believes, is closely related to the Manchurian *Taitai*, also hairless. The

(Continued on page 24)





*Amalia Castillo Ledón,
...she is an ambassador.*

Generation OF REBELS

By Emma Gutiérrez Suárez

The daughter of a good Mexican family, in my time, was supposed to confine her interests to sheltered pursuits. So when I told my parents that I wanted to take flying lessons, my mother threw up her hands in astonished dismay.

"If you do," my father said, "don't expect me to pay for it."

But with or without my family's help, I was going to learn to fly. To me, flying meant a release from the dull, stifling life I was forced to lead in the small city where we then made our home.

The Mexican Revolution had sent us, like so many other families, to the United States, where I had grown up much as any American girl. Then my father's severe illness and depleted finances brought us back. Quite suddenly I was a Mexican girl again, expected to behave like one — and I didn't know how!

Small wonder that I was the talk of the town. I would do things which back in the States were entirely natural in any girl, such as giving a lift to a boy who was going my way and many other equally innocent acts. But they were not considered so in this town. I soon was called that "wild" Encinas girl.

Every time the town's collective eyebrows went up at one of my "escapades," I felt more and more like an

animal in a cage. Just about that time General Roberto Fierro, then Mexico's ace flyer, became the Governor of the state (Chihuahua). He set up an Aviation School. It fascinated me. One day I had a chance to go up, and from then on I knew that I *had* to learn to fly. Because up there, the little ants who were the townspeople ceased to have any importance.

So I started in, trading English classes for flying time. I was the only girl there but, since in the States at the time we left (the year before), "powder-puff derbies" had been all the rage, I assumed that in Mexico too there were many women pilots, and I was looking forward to taking part in contests as soon as I was proficient

*Margarita García Flores,
...she leads in politics.*



*Dolores del Río,
...she created an uproar*

enough. Then I discovered that I was quite alone in the field. If I got a license, I would be the first woman pilot in Mexico.

The other pilots told me I couldn't. "Mexican girls just can't fly," they said. "They are too nervous. Coming in for a landing... why, they would scream and throw up their hands."

Oh they would, huh? I quietly resolved I'd show them a Mexican girl could do what any other girl could. So flying took on another and stronger purpose. It became a matter of national pride.

Then we moved to Mexico City and found there was no aviation school at all! Luckily, General Fierro turned up. If I would teach English to the Army pilots who were scheduled to go to the U. S. for special courses, and translate some technical books on aviation, he would give me, in exchange, flying time. I agreed eagerly, of course. Strangers never knew that the youngster in the white monkeysuit was a girl. And on December 4, 1932, I took my tests as a civilian pilot and obtained license No. 54, and No. 1 for a woman.

I had won my private revolution.

(Continued on page 17)

Totonacs

The pyramid of Tajín, near Papantla on the mountainous slope of the state of Veracruz, was once an astronomical observatory and temple of a people called the Totonacs. It was part of a sacred city similar in many ways to the civilization of the ancient Mayas.

Like the Mayas, the Totonacs were a peaceable nation who worshipped



and studied the world around them in terms of its life-giving elements, rain, the earth, the movements of the planets, and everything in human life that meant productivity and vitality. They did not make much

of fear in their religion, and their art tended to be pleasant to the eye and touch, rather than imposing or overpowering.

The descendants of these people, who have not mixed very much with the whites and who still speak the Totonac language, carry on their lives today in the ancestral rhythm pegged to the cycle of the rains, the ploughing and the crops. Many of their ceremonies, connected with these pre-occupations, remain the same. The most spectacular, a dramatization of the "four directions," winds, or elements of the universe, is performed each year on Corpus Christi Thursday, which coincides with first-fruits ceremonies throughout Mexico.

Miss Bodil Christensen, who wrote the article that follows, is an anthro-

pologist who not only witnessed the ceremony, but took part in it — probably the only white person, and certainly the only woman, to have managed this feat.

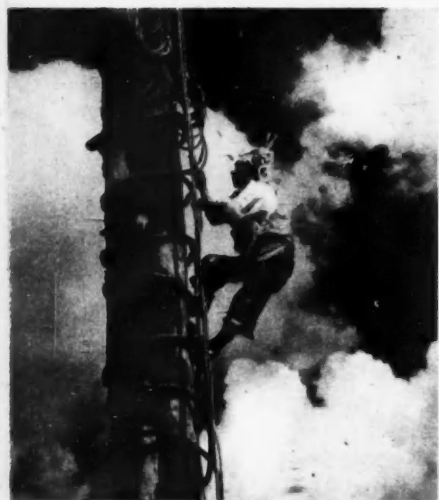
The Editor.





The Volador

By Bodil Christensen



The rich and colorful heritage of Mexican dances has come down to us stripped of its ancient ritualism. Time and man have wrought havoc with religious symbolism and its ceremonies, so that now little is known of their original meaning. However, what has managed to survive from the destruction of the ancient culture, after the collapse of the Aztec empire, has curiously enough been preserved by the very friars who did their utmost to uproot the old religion.

The friars, who accompanied the conquerors, soon discovered that dancing was a fundamental expression of the Indian way of life and that elaborate ceremonial performances were part of almost all the native ritual. To make conversion easier, the friars allowed the Indians to transplant their dances to Catholic holy days, with the result that the majority of Indian dances today are dramatized and European-influenced interpretations of the ancient ceremonies with much of their symbolic significance lost.

One of the few pre-conquest ceremonies which has apparently not suffered any outside influence is the "dance" of the *voladores* (flyers). This spectacular ceremony has, in Mexico, survived only in the eastern part of the Sierra Madre near the Gulf of Mexico, principally among the Totonac Indians in the Papantla region, where it is performed yearly at the time of the Corpus Christi celebration.

A straight tree trunk stripped of leaves and branches and measuring anywhere from sixty to over ninety feet high is dug securely into the ground. Heavy vines are looped around it to give foothold for climbing to the top. It is topped by a revolving disk with a diameter about the length of a man's foot. Below this tiny platform there is a square frame suspended by ropes. Four other strong ropes are carefully wound around the pole below the cap and passed over the frame through grooves.

Five dancers ascend the pole. While four sit on the frame, the fifth dances

on the miniature platform, playing ceremonial tunes on a reed flute and a small drum. When he finishes his dance he sits on the revolving disk, and waits while the others tie the ends of the four ropes around their waists preparatory to "flight." Then at a signal from the man on top, they plunge into space backwards from the frame. The sudden pull on the ropes and the weight of their bodies set the disk and frame revolving and the ropes thereby unwind slowly as the *voladores* are carried around the pole head downwards in ever widening and descending circles, giving a vivid effect of flight. As they approach the ground they swing their bodies upwards and land on their feet.

At the time of the conquest the *volador* ceremony extended over a far greater area. Even as far south as Oaxaca, it has been pictographically recorded in two ancient manuscripts, each time in connection with sacrificial rites in honor of deities of earth and vegetation; but at present the ceremony is not directly connected with aboriginal agricultural rites. According to the historians who wrote in the centuries following the conquest, the *volador* was associated with the 52-year period of the Indian calendar. The four fliers each made thirteen rounds, adding up to the number of years in the cycle. Each flier corresponded to a cardinal point and may have represented the sacred bird governing the group of thirteen years assigned to each point of the compass.

It has been suggested that the ceremony is of Totonac origin and indeed, though the *volador* is known from the Aztecs south of the Sierra to the Huastecs in the extreme north, the ceremony seems more clearly preserved among the Totonacs. The Otomis in the northwestern part of the Sierra perform it with six fliers, and in other parts of the country the number is reduced to two.

It takes both courage and training to dance on top of the *volador* and



when once admitted to the "Society of *Voladores*," there are many strange vows to fulfill. A *volador* must fast before flying; must remain continent during the days of the flying, and must faithfully carry out all the ceremonies and rites connected with the flying-pole.

It is their custom to go into the mountains some days before the fiesta to search for a suitable tree for the pole. They are accompanied by a shaman and a musician who plays a flute and small drum simultaneously. When the tree has been selected, the shaman sprinkles it with ceremonial *aguardiente* and after a long incantation in which the earth is asked to release the tree and the tree implored to protect the *voladores*, more *aguardiente* is sprinkled on the ground and to the four cardinal points, after which the tree is cut down.

The branches and leaves are stripped off and a groove is made around the base to which are fastened two strong ropes. More than a hundred Indians drag the long straight trunk over the mountain side into town to the accompaniment of flute and drum. The hole,

dug previously in the plaza where the flying is to take place, is prepared to receive the pole with a half circle of heavy spikes and trunks to hold it strongly in place.

The shaman makes a sacrificial offering to the spirits of the pole and of the four winds, invoking them to protect the fliers against all accident. This offering is a small live turkey, which with many incantations is then sprinkled with *aguardiente* and placed, together with an egg and a handful of tobacco, in the center of the hole.

Tractor power is now used to raise the pole. When I first saw this ceremony, it was raised thus: Approximately a hundred men took hold of the long ropes tied to it and pulled it up, while others placed heavy wooden shears below it to lever it off the ground. As the pole rose higher and higher, the shears were moved farther in under the pole. Shouting and pulling, the men finally slid the pole in place, killing the sacrificial turkey whose blood "feeds," and appeases, the tree, now in strong position, and with new life and solidity to carry the *voladores* who risk their lives in the dance on top.

DOWN TO THE SEA *On Wheels*

For highway maps and distances, see inside back cover.

By Eudora Garrett

The capital of Mexico and most of its larger cities are built in sheltered valleys on the high central table-land. Mexico City is 7,350 feet above sea level, separated from the Pacific and the Gulf by chains of precipitous mountains. Yet, this old city has been strongly linked to the sea for centuries back. In the days of the Aztecs, Emperor Moctezuma enjoyed fresh fish and seafood every day, brought up by runners from both coasts, traveling mostly at night, and in relays.

Living in mountains apparently creates a need and hunger for the sea, because in the capital, and most larger cities also, even a brief vacation sends thousands of families streaming down to the tropical surf. It used to be a formidable trip. Even so recently as twenty years ago, rail connections were cumbersome and as for highways, only Tampico could be reached on auto wheels. Ten years later, Acapulco and Veracruz both, became accessible, but not fast or easily.

Acapulco, once an old port and fishing town, has become one of the world's most glamorous resorts.

Photo Mary St. Albans.



Taxco, a silver mine center in colonial days, maintains its old-world appearance. Built up and down steep mountainsides, it is unforgettably picturesque.

Photo Mary St. Albans.

Highway building in Mexico is a costly and laborious procedure. There is almost no level ground of any considerable distance, and therefore, "the shortest distance between two points," to be straight, has to be blasted through granite and limestone and shale. It has nevertheless been a principal item on government budgets for a number of years, enjoying high priority in the large program of public works that Mexico carries on. Thus, in less than two generations, most of the country has been opened up to auto travel and motor transport, changing the sleepy provincial tempo of centuries to the present fast pulse of industrial expansion.

Under this Administration, the pull of the sea, and the evident value in developing Mexico's immense coastline (proportionately, the longest in the world) and maritime resources, was turned into a "March to the Sea." Part of this program includes fast building of overland communication, connecting the ports to the productive cities and also linking them to each other.

Because of this program, excellent paved highways now lead to eight international ports, and half a dozen smaller shipping harbors have also been made easily reachable. Swimming-fishing-loafing resorts, both swank and simple, surround these newly opened areas and now present a rich choice for vacationers.

Pride of the program and of the country, is the newly completed super-express highway from Mexico City to Acapulco. A road to that tropical dreamland was already in existence, but it was a winding, difficult route, anti-wise around almost every peak and canyon in its path.

The figures on the new highway tell a story that is a salute to a splendid engineering feat, for which Communications Minister architect Carlos Lazo is enjoying, and rightly, a great deal of credit. Curves were cut from 2,277 to 810; and although the distance is only relatively shorter (eighteen miles), travel time has decreased dramatically from ten hours to six. The average safe driving speed on this road is now 45-50 miles an hour, whereas before, a 30-mile average was considered good.

The Veracruz region is entirely different from Pacific ports. It is one of the first places where Europeans settled (Cortés landed in Veracruz), and so cities in this part of Mexico have a leisurely, traditional atmosphere not in the least resembling the glamorous resort life of such places as Acapulco. From Mexico City, there are two routes to the Gulf, both through unforgettable scenery and interesting places. This makes it possible to go down one way, come back another, and get in a good bit of sightseeing along with the fishing and swimming on the coast itself.

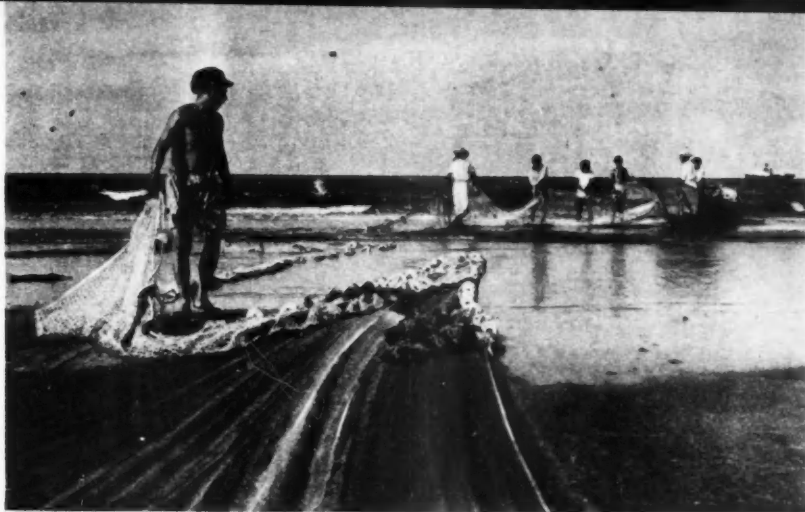


The shortest route (270 miles), goes through the old weavers' town of Texcoco, through Apizaco (its specialty is wood carving), into Jalapa, the capital of the State and one of the most charming cities in the country, and thence to the sea. The other route (290 miles) takes you through Puebla, colonial city famous for its multitudinous churches, and a remarkable sight they are; thence down to semi-tropical Orizaba and Córdoba, Tehuacán and Fortín de las Flores (Fort of the Flowers), whose owner once had the fabulous idea of filling the swimming pool with gardenias, and made his place famous thereby. In this region, flowers are indeed so profuse that a mere thousand or so of these scented blooms kept in the pool amount to no more than a little extra labor on the part of the hotel help.

Newer as a resort, though an old port, Tuxpan somewhat north of Veracruz is now doing a Cinderella stunt, and seems well on the way to becoming one of the Republic's most important shipping points. Tuxpan offers tropical river fishing as well as sea game-fish; good ocean beaches and a yacht club.

An interesting circuit can be made by back-tracking forty miles from Tuxpan to Poza Rica, site of the great *Petróleos Mexicanos* refinery, and continuing thence on good pavement south to the fishing villages and beaches of Tecolutla and Nautla, both quiet—you could call them "unspoiled"—spots that happen to offer excellent hotel accommodations. To get back to the capital, roads from Nautla connect with the upper Veracruz highway, through Perote or Zacatepec. The latter is at present in better condition.

The last and northernmost of the easily accessible ports is Tampico, whose name evokes associations of gold-rush days in oil, and romantic rough-and-ready port life, like Marseilles. Actually, it is a rather conservative old town, offering fine fishing and good beaches and, along with the bustle of industry, very much of the old-Mexico provincial flavor. It is ac-



Fishermen, Tuxpan.

Photo Mary St. Albans.

Fortín de las Flores, resort made famous by its owner's habit of filling the pool with fresh gardenias daily.

Photo courtesy D. M. Nacional.



Veracruz tradition: under the portals of the old central plaza, townspeople and guests sip cool drinks, nibble on seafood, and watch the world go by.

Photo courtesy Cia. Mexicana de Aviación.



cessible from the Pan American Highway (Laredo-Mexico City) turning off either at Ciudad Mante or Valles. A highway connecting with Tuxpan and Veracruz is in process of completion.

Pacific beaches, except Acapulco and Zihuatanejo, nearly all connect with the Inter-American coast highway (U.S. 89, Mexico 15) that then links with the Guadalajara route to Mexico City. Two of the pleasantest, Guaymas and Mazatlán, are directly on the highway.

Mazatlán is an old port, once very busy with Orient shipping, and reawakening to both shipping and tourist stimulus, mostly coastwise and from California. Manzanillo, somewhat farther south, was long the favorite sea resort for Guadalajara, and connects with that city by both rail and highway. The beaches near Manzanillo are very much liked by people who appreciate quietness and natural tropical beauty. Another spot of this sort, Zihuatanejo, near Acapulco, is at present best reached by air. There is a

road, but it is not yet all-weather, and is not recommended during the rainy season.

Accommodations for travelers are keeping pace with the roads, in most places, though at the peak of the season even Acapulco's numerous hotels overflow. During a recent holiday week, an estimated 100,000 people made the Mexico-Acapulco trip, by car, and in addition the regular plane service (several trips a day) was also booked to capacity. It is therefore best to make reservations ahead.

There is no problem about gas en route, on any of the highways or even secondary roads. Stations are adequately spaced and kept well supplied. Motels, though certainly not so numerous as on U. S. roads, are to be found along all the principal highways, and in some cases are so pleasantly arranged that they are almost vacation spots in themselves. Some have swimming pools, and many have gardens.

Life along the tropical shores is lived in slow motion, with moments of fast-pulsed sheer enjoyment. Whether it comes from landing a hard-to-handle marlin or sailfish, or from the sight of a sunset that blankets the skies with unbelievable, and indescribable, color. Or, just the pure relaxation in warmth, surrounded by beauty, with in sight of thatch-roofed villages with their constant music and laughter.

Photo Mary St. Albans.

Photo Cándido Mayo.

The new express highway to Acapulco cuts through sierras, eliminates forty percent of travel time. 261 miles.

June Suitcase

You may find it difficult to believe, but it is nevertheless true that when summer is well under way in Dallas or Pasadena or Terre Haute, the cool weather is just beginning in Mexico City. This is due, of course, to the fact that June is the first full month of the rainy season, and refreshing showers fall nearly every afternoon.

The capital's average temperature for the month is 63°, and even in lower-altitude regions June temperatures are most attractive in comparison with the summer heat of the States. Acapulco's 82°, Guadalajara's 71°, Guanajuato's 68°, Saltillo's 72°, San Miguel Allende's 69°, and Tampico's 81°, to mention some of the "hotter" spots, offer welcome relief to the heat-weary.

Summer clothing is most appropriate for coastal resorts and some of the lower inland areas, including Monterrey. But for a visit to Mexico City, your June suitcase should contain lightweight woollens and similar early-spring attire. Except for the hours between 11 am and 3 pm, June days are pleasantly crisp, the nights chilly. You'll enjoy a light coat in the early morning and late afternoon, and a fur stole or cape for evening wear.

Although June rains usually fall at about the same hour each afternoon, and for a more or less uniform period of time, so that you can plan your activities around them, you will be wise to pack an umbrella. The folding variety is not recommended, because once damp, it cannot be replaced in its case until thoroughly dry, which becomes a nuisance.

By all means, bring your camera, complete with haze filter, and red and yellow filters. June showers produce beautiful cloud formations, as well as green fields and mountain-sides, and flowers in profusion; beauty in form and color that you will want to capture.

P. P.

Generation

OF REBELS

(Continued)

But I was not alone in this enterprise. All over Mexico there were young girls and women who, like myself, were rebelling at the shackles which kept them tied to their homes and dependent on men. In Mexico City, girls were doing all kinds of interesting things on their own.

For instance, the two Ramírez sisters, Guadalupe and María Elena, had shocked the quiet suburb of Tacubaya by journeying to Mexico City to study pharmacy and commercial subjects. They were daughters of a conservative family, but their mother, Elena Alfaro de Ramírez, believed that girls, if they



*Pita Amor,
...flamboyant actress and
mystic poet.*

happened not to marry, should not have to depend on the charitable good will of their male relatives. Though her husband objected strenuously, Doña Elena won out. Lupe became a teacher, and rose to responsible posts in government schools. María Elena became a specialist in child nutrition.



*Adela Formoso
de Obregón Santacilia,
...she founded a university.*

When President Miguel Alemán took office, Lupe Ramírez was appointed mayor of Xochimilco, the first woman ever to hold such a post. She came well prepared, with a genuine love of country people. Lupita, as the *Xochimilqueses* affectionately called her, died in office. But the townspeople had gotten used to coming to her with all their troubles and they asked her sister María Elena to take her place.

One of the most outstanding among women actively taking part in the country's life is María de Laval Urbina, first woman to become a member of the Supreme Court. Her career began when her father, who was a prominent lawyer, had a heart attack.

"If only you were a lawyer, daughter," he said to María. "You could take over my work at the office."

María looked up. Why not? she thought. She had been hearing law and cases all her life and, so it seemed to her, probably knew at least enough to start. So she did, meanwhile enrolling in the Law School of the University of Campeche, her home state. She was graduated in 1940 with honors, and soon took over her father's practice.

When Miguel Alemán launched his presidential campaign, he traveled all over Mexico, and in each place, called meetings of citizens to participate in round table discussions of national and local problems. He was so impressed by the intelligent manner in which María spoke that he inquired who she was, and on discovering she was a lawyer and an able one, he appointed her Magistrate to the national Supreme Court.

Since Alemán had made it part of his campaign platform to give women their political rights, the country as a whole was not too much startled by this appointment. Not so the other Magistrates, who considered it almost an affront to the seriousness and dignity of their body.

But they soon found that this quiet, pleasant young woman had a very level head on her shoulders, and that she administered justice impartially and intelligently, and also, humanely. To her, cases were more than just numbers. They were people, men and women who had somehow broken the law and were now facing Mexican justice. She tried to find out as much as she could about them, and saw to it that they were helped.

María says that her six years in the
(Continued on page 24)

*María Elena Ramírez,
...she was drafted mayor
of Xochimilco.*



THE ARTS

Carrington Tapestries

Leonora Carrington, the distinguished English artist, has lived in Mexico for more than a decade. Every few years she gathers together enough of her delicate, emotional paintings for an exhibit in Mexico City, Paris, or New York. Her admiration for medieval art has long been apparent in these fantasy-filled, individualistic canvases.

Two years ago Miss Carrington, who



is also Mrs. Chiquel Weiss, quietly presented a small group of works of art more medieval in flavor than painter's canvas had permitted. Combining an idea of her husband's and the suggestion of a friend, she had begun to design tapestries that brought together a surprising number of art forms. Ancient Mexican symbolic art, the regional Mexican craft art of hand weaving, the imagery and formality of medieval art, and Miss Carrington's completely personal art found charming form in this new technique.

This month she will present a large collection of these tapestries at the Galería de Arte Mexicano, Milán 18. Her idea has grown until it now occupies a workshop, *La Paloma*, and keeps an entire family of weavers busy. In doing so, Miss Carrington herself has returned to an old family tradition.

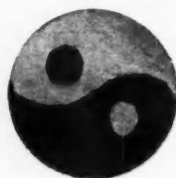
The artist is the daughter and granddaughter of weavers. Her grandfather invented a loom that changed that industry in Lancashire; her brothers today are businessmen-weavers. But Miss Carrington has stepped back hun-

dreds of years, she says, in the history of the technique, to concentrate her talents in designs best adapted to the patient patterning and varied textures of hand weaving as practiced in Mexico.

Her weavers, the Rosales family, come from the traditional weavers' village of San Miguel Chicconcuac near Texcoco, where secrets of colors and designs have been passed down from generation to generation. Miss Carrington says their ancient knowledge has given richness and sensitivity to her designs in tapestry.

The procedure begins with her design. She and her husband then choose the colors. After that, he takes over, supervising the workmanship on the looms. The yarns are dyed in the workshop, using modern fast-color dyes, except for blacks, grays and blue. The finest of the ancient Indian colors, blue *ciel*, is used in Carrington tapestries. It lasts forever, she says, and has a luminous quality not found in synthetic dyes.

Medieval art, oriental art, and her



own vivid, dreamlike fantasy have been the artistic "raw material" from which Miss Carrington has developed her charming, elusive and haunting style of painting. In her tapestries, she has used ancient symbols — the yang and yin of China, which looks like a baseball and means the positive and negative summing-up of all life; and the jade-bead-rain symbol of ancient Mexico, which means fertility and creativity. She has also gone to Mexican art, particularly in the ancient books, for inspiration, and has found there some of her finest design-themes.

MUSIC

The spring season of the National Symphony Orchestra, which has been running since March 25, comes to a brilliant close on Friday June 10 and Sunday 12 with a performance — the first in Mexico — of *Joan of Arc at the Stake*, Arthur Honegger's massive, scenic oratorio for orchestra, chorus, ballet and reciters.

Joan of Arc will be conducted by Thomas Mayer who, although well known in several South American capitals, particularly in Argentina and Uruguay, where he conducted the principal symphony orchestras for a short time, has not visited Mexico before. He brings with him a growing reputation as an interpreter. Honegger's complex work will give him a fine opportunity to display his powers.

The declamatory role of Saint Joan will be played by Maria Douglas, one of Mexico's leading dramatic actresses. She is remembered here especially for her performance, a few years ago, in Darius Milhaud's *Les Choéphores*, under Carlos Chávez's baton. The well-disciplined choir of the National Conservatory of Music, specially put through their paces for the occasion by Jesús Durón, head of the Music Department at the Institute of Fine Arts, will support the orchestra in this grand finale to the first symphony season of the year. Celestino Gorostiza, head of the Institute's Drama Department, was written by the late Paul Claudel, directs the production.

The text of *Joan of Arc at the Stake* Honegger's great versatility runs the gamut of modern technical devices to extract the last drop of emotion from an inspiring historical theme which has never worn thin and which seems to have a perennial appeal to all patriotic and religious persons.

The last concert but one is conducted by Jascha Horenstein on June 3, repeated June 5. Horenstein scored a success in Mexico three years ago when he directed a concert by the former

(Continued on page 21)

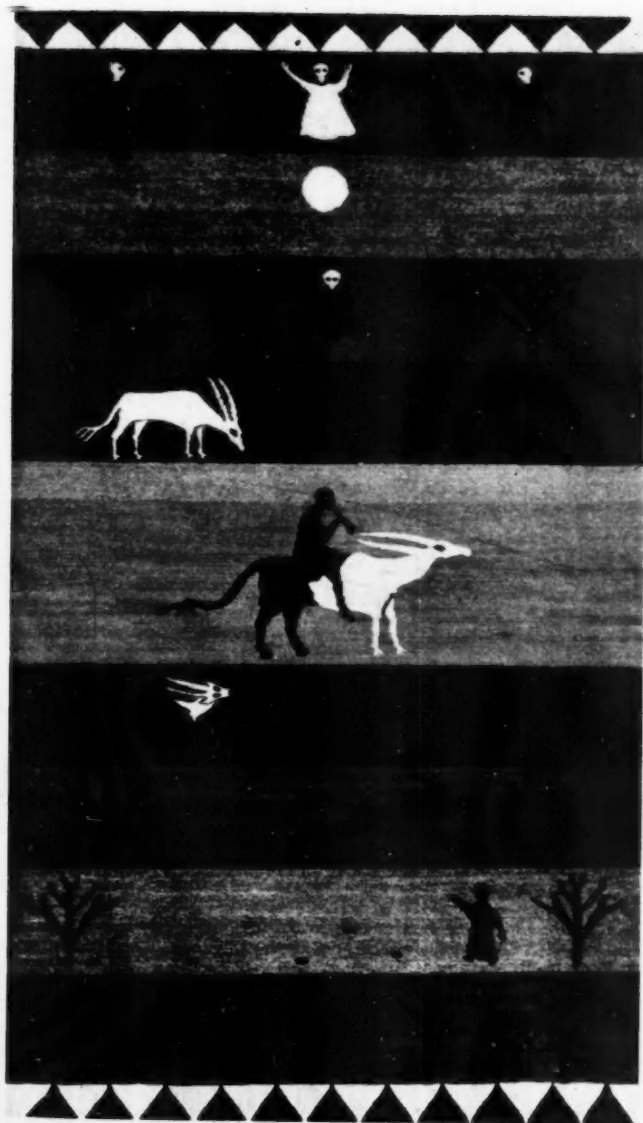
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Many of the Carrington tapestries are based on the ancient and deeply symbolic Aztec codices. Forms and rhythmic repetition reflect the same influence. Tapestry at right is based on a codex interpretation of Quetzalcoatl, the "plumed serpent" god of wind, sunshine and all good things, whose amiable character was presumably untouched by the presence of a back seat driver. Dancer (below, right) bears Aztec sun symbol; tapestry at left reflects variety and rhythm of codex patterns.





THE ARTS

Mathias Goeritz

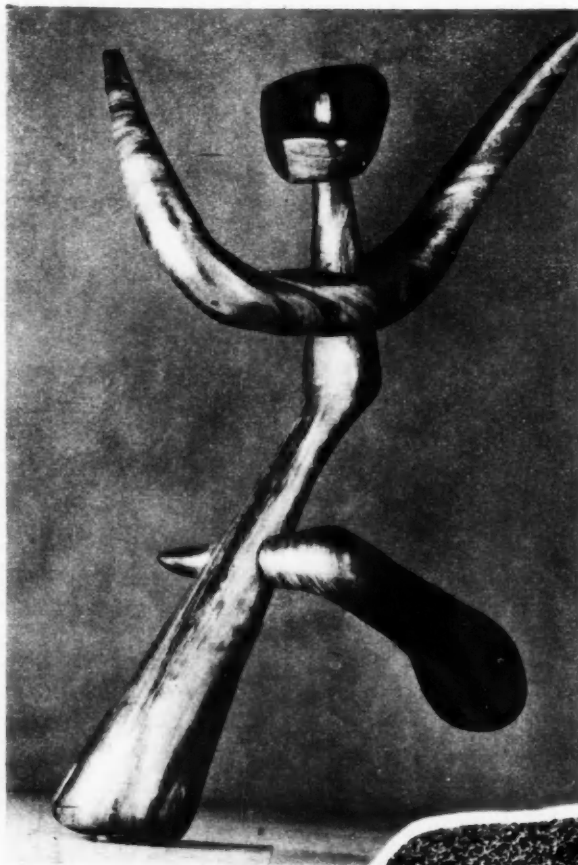
The liveliest art show in Mexico this spring was the recent exhibition of the work of Mathias Goeritz at the Galería Proteo.

Goeritz, whose work and ideas generally make an impression (and often an uproar), is the son of the Mayor of pre-Nazi Danzig. He took Nazism as a personal affront and violation of the essence of art as he feels it: basically, freedom. Since that time he has been upsetting preconceived ideas and experimenting in the whole field of plastic form, with interesting results.

Here in Mexico, the architects took him to their collective bosom, and gave him a job teaching in the architectural school of the National University. His boldness and originality, and his ideas of sculptural form in architecture command widespread respect.

As a sculptor, Goeritz works with architectural function in mind, using local materials. His show included work in tropical hardwoods and volcanic rocks, as well as in metals. He has used iron often, as in the Crucifixions for which he is most famous.

His drawings are like hieroglyphs; the "idea" of the thing, the "feel" of it, are what he is driving at, rather than realistic portrayal. His experiments in architecture emphasize mood, his point being that emotion, how you feel in a place, is as important as function. Principal emotions he produces, or aims for, are tranquillity and grandeur, underscored by flashes of dead-pan humor.



Above: Dancer, in parota
(tropical hardwood).
Below: Head of Orozco,
in gray lava rock.

Quote

Worth Remembering

"The objective of the Government with respect to economic activity is clear: to complement, advise and stimulate private enterprise, not to supplant it."

ADOLFO RUIZ CORTINES
PRESIDENT OF MEXICO

at the inauguration of the new thermoelectric plant, *El Cobano*, April 20, 1955.

This advertisement is sponsored as a public service by the Cia. de Electricidad Central México, S. A.



THEATER

Rodolfo Usigli, who put *The Teahouse of the August Moon* into Spanish, is Mexico's leading playwright and a reminder of George Bernard Shaw in many ways. Sharp-tongued and multi-talented, a brilliant journalist and debater, his subjects range from whodunits to complex psychological nerve twisters, and include delicate portrayals of character.

Nearly fifteen years ago, Shaw wrote him a letter that probably none of his colleagues has ever forgiven. "Mexico may starve you, but it can never deny your genius," Shaw said, among other phrases of admiration for *Crown of Shadows*, Usigli's most personal and probably most remarkable play.

Like Shaw, Usigli is a leader of causes and somewhat of a stormy petrel in all cultural matters in Mexico. At times bitter, and often morose, he is a passionate and moody man engaged in a lifelong love affair (and conflict) with his country.

For the first couple of decades of his creative life, Usigli averaged more than one major theatrical work each year, in which his admiration for, or similarity to, Shaw is usually evident. He uses people and situations that might have been in Shaw, and also such devices as explanatory prologues and philosophical epilogue speeches.

Although a gifted linguist, Usigli had done no translating until New York producer Jean Dalrymple, a friend for many years, asked him to do *Teahouse*. The combination of playwright required was clearly Usigli, and with credentials. "If you ever need an Irish certificate of vocation as a dramatic poet," Shaw had written, "I will sign it."

MUSIC (Continued)

Philharmonic Orchestra of Mexico City. Apart from a Mozart symphony, ever fresh and stimulating, he has included a short, descriptive piece called *Colo-rines* by the Mexican composer Silvestre Revueltas, and Gustav Mahler's *Symphony N° 1*, the proportions and style of which are sufficiently indicated by its popular sub-title, *The Titan*.

For those who seek less gigantic thrills, the *Asociación Ponce* continues its chamber music series in the small concert room of the Palace of Fine Arts on Thursday evenings. This modest but vigorous society has now chosen one of Mexico's leading composers as its executive president: Rodolfo Halffter. Good, thoughtful programs can therefore be confidently expected.

Several important developments are announced for the end of the month or the beginning of July: a visit by the *Ballet Theater* company from New York, and the revival of the *Bellas Artes* Chamber Orchestra. There is no shortage of good fare for music-lovers in Mexico this year. M. F.

YOU WILL WANT

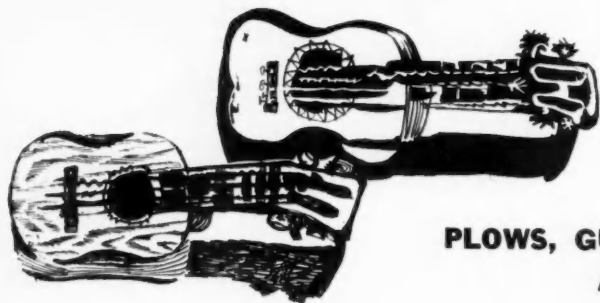
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PLOWS, GUITARS AND OLYMPICS

By Enrique C. Aguirre

This is a story of two intelligent though primitive boys making a quick adjustment in a world totally unknown to them.

The Tarahumara Indian tribe of Mexico has long been known to produce runners with extraordinary prowess—not runners according to the standard of Europeans or North Americans in track and field athletics—for to them such distances as a four-mile run or a six-mile cross-country are merely a start; but distances which evoke the admiration of all. As they say in their dialect, they will run from sun to moon, approximately twelve hours, or from sun to moon to sun, about twenty-four hours. And there is on record the feat of one who ran continuously from sun to moon to sun to moon to sun, or forty-eight hours.

As athletic coach, I often wondered whether, if we could catch some of these chaps and train them down to a sprint of say twenty-six miles, the Mexican team might not have a chance of capturing a good place in world Olympic contests. At the time of the Ninth Olympiad, I decided to try it.

It proved quite a task to hold tryouts in the mountains of Chihuahua where this tribe lives, for so unaccustomed are these Indians to contact with the whites, that they turn and run at the approach of strangers. I think even to this day the best runners got away from us.

After three weeks of hiking, negotiation and diplomacy, a group of thirty-five runners was rounded up. In the tryouts for the twenty-six mile Marathon, six splendid fellows, on a course over broken ground, made it in the extraordinary time of two hours, forty-

one minutes. Four were selected to go to Mexico City to participate in the National Marathon tryouts, and there they won over a field of thirty contestants from other sections of the country. They finished in two hours, thirty-nine minutes, taking the first four places.

We chose two, José Torres and Aurelio Terrazas, whom we felt would develop the greatest speed, for they lifted their knees high and pounded the ground hard. Then through an interpreter, I began the task of persuading them to go to Amsterdam.

"Boys," I said, "we want you to run against the best white men and black men and red men and yellow men on earth, because I feel you can beat them. We have to go to a big city on the other side of a wide, wide river that will take seven days and seven nights to cross. We'll bring you back safely. Will you come with us?"

They went into a huddle with the interpreter, and half an hour later they looked up. "*Jefe*," said José, "in lake in Chapultepec Park we see people pushing boats with two sticks. That wide river for seven suns and seven moons—we get scared. We won't go."

"You won't get scared, José," I said. "We are going to cross in a big house."

"Oh, no," he countered. "A house not go on the water. It go down."

With the aid of moving pictures, we were able to give them an idea of the transatlantic liners and explain that they would have plenty of good food, drinking water, comfortable beds, light, and spaces for running. It took four hours of showing and reshowing the same film to convince them. But when they saw the other members of

the Mexican Olympic team gathering in Mexico City and continuing their training, prepared to go across, they decided to take a chance and go too.

Imagine if you can their impression as they came in contact for the first time with the white man's way of life. For instance, their first ride in an elevator, their first night in a Pullman car, their first meal in a dining-car. But they had innate intelligence, and long before we arrived in New York they seemed to be quite accustomed to traveling in high speed.

Their knowledge of the Spanish language, which is the common tongue of Mexico, was limited. They learned everything by sharp observation and imitation. So it was difficult for us to gauge their feelings, but their expression as they stood on Broadway and saw the swirling masses of humanity during the theater hour will live forever in my memory. Their bright, perceptive eyes roving continually over the scene and receiving multiple and obviously strange impressions awakened in me a real admiration for the stuff that was in them, for here were these two primitive boys, who scarcely a fortnight before had been living the peaceful, rudimentary life of pastoral mountain tribes—dressed in loin cloths—transported as if by magic into the midst of a dynamic and highly organized city life. They liked it.

Soon after the transatlantic liner sailed from New York they were on deck training as nonchalantly as if they were inveterate globe trotters, and of course they captured the interest and attention of most of the ship's passengers. During the journey, some of the members of the Mexican Olympic team, students from the National University of Mexico, developed an interest in teaching the two Indian boys. By the time the trip was over, they knew how to read and write.

Indians are lovers of music, and every night after dinner they sat by the door of the salon listening to the ship's band and contentedly watching

the young couples dance, till it was time for them to retire. On the evening before we landed at Antwerp I got the surprise of my life when, as I stepped into the salon, one of the Indians, Aurelio Terrazas, came to me and said shyly, "Jefe, I want to dance."

"Yes, Aurelio," I replied; "with whom?"

"Girl," he said, but what a look he gave me.

"Which girl?" I asked.

"Blue girl," he answered, nodding toward a young lady across the room who was wearing a blue gown. She was a blonde.

I took him by the arm and walked with him across the floor and presented him to the young lady, saying, "Miss Campbell, this young man begs a dance of you. Would you mind?"

"That would be thrilling!" she replied, clasping her hands.

And the youth who four weeks before had been living like a savage, took the young lady in his arms, and quite perfectly, without missing a beat, danced with her around the salon. The other passengers formed a large circle and applauded the couple. She blushed

in the twenty-six mile Marathon the Indians finished their race fresh as cucumbers, having traveled the distance in two hours, thirty-six minutes, fifteen seconds, whereas the winner made it in two hours, thirty-three minutes and some odd seconds. When I went up to them after they crossed the line and asked them how they got along, they shook their heads and said in unison, "Too short, too short!"

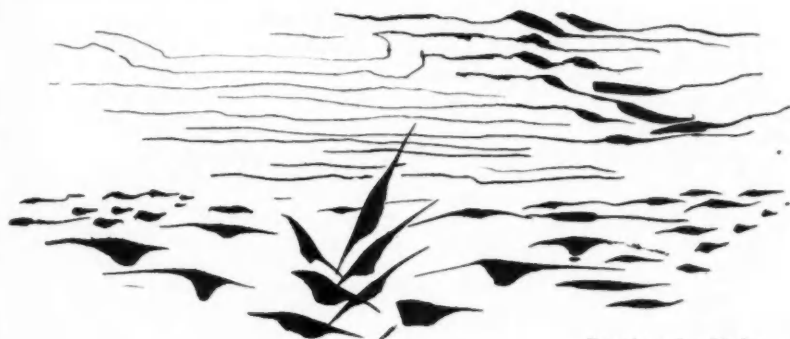
When they were about to return to their native mountains they were asked what they wanted to take home with them. They pondered. We were ready with alarm clocks, mirrors, beads and trinkets. They went into a huddle. Then solemnly, they told us: steel plows, for they had observed in their travels, so they said, that a steel plow cuts deeper and turns the soil over much better than a wooden plow.

And what else?

"Oxen," they replied. "We pull wooden plow. Iron plow too heavy. Need oxen."

All right, we told them. They would have the steel plows and oxen. Anything else?

Then, a glint in their eyes and a half smile.



Drawings by Vlady

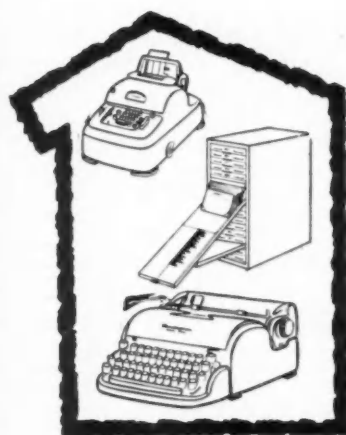
to the roots of her hair, but the boy seemed to be enjoying his big moment.

The story should be finished in the usual way—"they lived happily ever after." Or perhaps by the sensational victory of José and Aurelio in first and second places at Amsterdam. But, alas, the facts are more prosaic. After landing, they didn't see the girl again. And

"A violin?" ventured Aurelio.

"A guitar?" José queried.

They are back in their mountains now, and if you are ever in the Tarahumara country, and happen to find them, ask José about his European trip. "Two days back we ran from sun to moon," he will answer offhand. "I won."



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BOMBEROS



Here to attend the WHO conference were Dr. Charles Mayo of the Mayo Clinic, Dr. Félix Hurtado of Cuba, U. S. Surgeon General Leonard Scheele, Dr. N. Karabuda of Turkey, and Dr. Giovanni A. Canaperia of Italy.

Ethel Harris, curator of San José Mission in San Antonio, was here on another of her unconventional visits. She traveled by train to Dolores Hidalgo, taxied to Guanajuato for a night, proceeded to the capital by bus and then to Oaxaca. From there she and Anita Jones, of Oaxaca Courts, coaxed a jeep as far as they could into the mountains, then hiked to Indian villages otherwise inaccessible.

Major General Philip DeWitt Ginder, erstwhile commander of the famed *Thunderbird* Division, flew down to check on his wife's current undertaking *Teahouse of the August Moon*. She is Broadway producer Jean Dalrymple.

On assignment from *Collier's* for a series on investment climates, author Duncan Aikman paused in Mexico City, first stop of a three-months jaunt through the hemisphere's capitals.

Among other recent literary visitors was Rev. John Caskey, of the Episcopal Diocese of Texas, and editor of the *Texas Churchman*. He says he collected data of interest to his readers.

Strictly from glamour herself, Countess Ray Pierre Corsini of *Glamour*, *Saturday Review*, etc., made her second extended visit since the first of the year. Then she hied herself back to New York with three articles under her size 12 belt.

Douglas Storer, president of Ripley's Believe It or Not, was here to dig up odds. His coming gave rise to an old-school-tie party for all available Dartmouth alumni.

Robert Divicenzo, Argentine golf star brought to Mexico by William B. Richardson, takes over as pro at the Churubusco Club Campestre. M. B.

GENERATION OF REBELS

(Continued)

Supreme Court, while interesting, were nevertheless tough going, for in all directions she had to prove herself against masculine doubt of her ability as a lawyer, and especially, of her capacity for objectivity and true judicial talent. And, she felt, she had to show them, so that other women studying law, would find open doors and real opportunities. And she did her job so well in this respect also, that now many women have been appointed judges, throughout the country.

At present, Judge Urbina is head of the *Departamento de Prevención Social* of the Ministry of the Interior, which is the social welfare aspect of justice. The most interesting part of her work is, she says, juvenile delinquency, particularly the rehabilitation of youngsters under sentence.

Political rights have not been the principal battle of my "generation of rebels." Our problem has been to break out of the cloistered, heavily chaperoned existence accepted by our grandmothers as the proper lot of womanhood, and to gain the right to take part in the life of our country and the world, without being ostracized.

Most of the women who first challenged and even defied society in this respect, were members of the upper class. Pioneers were the famous Amor sisters, one of whom is now a publisher, another head of an art gallery, and a third, the stormiest, a radio-TV commentator and distinguished poet. Dolores del Río scandalized her aristocratic family and friends by becoming a movie actress. She was for a time looked upon as not quite a lady, but is now respected both for her career as an actress, and her leadership in the Mexican movie industry, towards the creation of quality films.

Three other women of upper-class backgrounds were also firsts in breaking through generations of prejudice, and have gained high positions: Ama-

lia Castillo Ledón, Mexico's Ambassador to Sweden; Adela Formoso de Obregón Santacilla, writer, orator, and founder of the Women's University; and Margarita García Flores, economist and leader of the women's section of the PRI, Mexico's principal political party.

Prejudice against women working, ironclad in the aristocracy only a generation ago, has pretty well disappeared. A daughter holding a job, or practicing a profession, is no longer felt as a reflection on the men of her family, or any indication that she is not a lady. On the contrary, the men tend to be proud of the accomplishments of their women.

Fear that women would lose their "femininity," and adopt the mannish styles and habits of some suffragettes now historic, has also evaporated, as here the rebellion of women has not meant "we want to be as good as... or the same as... men," but rather more simply, and profoundly, "we want the right to be ourselves, to the fullest extent of our capacities." And this, I believe, we have fully attained.

NEWS AND COMMENT

(Continued)

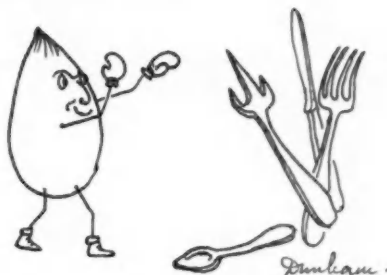
Argentine *Pila* is a cousin, and other relatives are to be found in Perú, Paraguay and Cuba.

Mr. Wright does not keep any *Xoloizcuintle* or *Tepeizcuintle* males because he owns a German Shepherd that would not allow them in his home. It is because the hairless *Xolo* and *Tepeizcuintles* have such a fantastic history that he is interested.

According to a plan that he proposed to the Kennel Club, travelers who have the opportunity of reaching remote regions in Mexico, should carry photographs of the two kinds of dogs that most closely resemble the pre-Columbian types. If they see any they are to notify the Kennel Club (Río Neva 38, México, D. F.)

Do-it-yourself

HOW TO EAT A MANGO



Your first encounter with a mango may perhaps produce that sense of gnawing yearning caused by "this is not for me." Do not misunderstand us. We do not mean the mango in its Mexican slang equivalent, as illustrated below. We mean the fruit. This is a family magazine.

In its natural state, i.e., as found on trees, the mango presents no obstacle, but on the contrary, is an invit-

ality and help you to understand yourself. For, the true secret of eating a mango is that the way in which you do it depends on who you are.

Let us take a simple example. The healthy and clear-eyed farmer, whose problems are presented mostly by Nature and solved similarly, has his own method of eating a mango. He just eats it. See below.

In the city, the social stratum that learns early to fight for itself and hold on to what it obtains, as for instance newsboys, follow much the same method. If your approach to life, therefore, resembles this, or if, perhaps, you wish it did, and the rough-and-ready, masterful-and-no-nonsense style is what you most wish you had, here is your opportunity. Use it on a mango. The only item you need to keep in mind, is stance; keep a good forty-five degree angle. Better still, grasp the fruit firmly by its unpeeled base, and bury it in your face, or vice-versa. The sleeve is standard for wiping.

In the middle class, mangoes are handled with forks. From this point of departure, what you do with the fork depends again, on who you are, and what your character — or hidden drives — impels you to do.

Props for eating a mango by fork, include as a rule, a table and chair, plate and napkin, and frequently also an anxious waiter hovering behind. There are special forks for mangoes. These are not only easier to use. They also reflect culture and are a discreet display of worldly goods.

The mango fork is three-tined, with and extra long tine in the middle designed to penetrate the mango seed; the two flanking tines are intended to hold the fruit firmly in place. Practice, however, is necessary for accurate use

of this implement. It must be placed precisely in the center of the base of the fruit — that is, where the stem was. Insert with self-confidence, rapidly. If you do not have self-confidence, or your aim is poor, you may require treatment for lacerations of one hand.

This problem is frequently avoided by problem-avoiding character types, via the standard method of getting somebody else to do it for you. Waiters frequently present you with the mango already speared and in place. This is of course easier, and offers no further problem except showing yourself — and the waiter — that you know what to do next.

Here again, your next step depends on who you think you are. Gourmets, conservatives, timid tourists and the genteel in general will slice the two thick sides off, using of course, a fruit knife and cutting precisely close to the seed. If the mango has been presented



ing objective, easy to grasp and hold, smooth to the touch, and simplicity itself to peel. It is when peeled, that the dismal sense of inadequacy and frustration may overpower you. The expanse of pulp, while rich and soft and juicy indeed, offers no handhold whatsoever, nor even, for that matter, foothold. Where does one begin?

Do not despair. Your approach to the mango offers a challenge that will in the end, develop your true person-





spearred but unpeeled, the next implement — which the waiter or operating-room nurse standing by will present — is a teaspoon. It is used to eat the fruit off the half-shell.

If, however, it has been presented spearred and already peeled, the next instrument is another fork, with which the sides of the fruit, once sliced off, are delicately cut and eaten.

Final problem is the seed. Experts are able to cut the sides off so cleanly

that there is nothing left but the flat, fibrous, inner portion of the fruit. Seldom, however, is such dexterity reached. As a rule there is always some mango left on the seed, and here the dilemma is the same as that presented by chicken legs too tough to cut, or lamb chops with frills on them. Do you or do you not seize the fork — with seed — and nibble, suck, or otherwise finish it off?

This method requires a practiced angle of fork to fruit. Do not attempt the insert *parallel* to the fruit, as the curve of the fork will cause you either to miss entirely (in which case minor surgery may be again required) or to spear insecurely, in which case you may lose your mango precisely when you are about to operate deftly with either knife or teeth.

Insert at an exact 90-degree angle, squaring off the mango to the fork and be sure that one of the tines enters the base at the exact stem. This is the one point at which the inner seed is not protected by heavy shell, and which therefore allows you to fix it firmly on your fork.

Above all, whichever method you use, do not be afraid. Take your apprenticeship a step at a time. If you will, but be sure that before long, you wish to conquer all obstacles, and most especially your enjoyment of the fruit will reward you with satisfactions and success. You can easily look forward to matching forks with any mango eater going, and in season, this means you may reach and perhaps even break the normal records of six or eight mangoes at one sitting.

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American Embassy, Reforma and Lafragua. Tel. 35-95-00.

American Society, Lucerna 71. Tel. 36-35-60 or 36-56-88.

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Benjamin Franklin Library, Niza 53.

Mexico City Daily Bulletin, Gómez Farias 41 Tel. 16-69-60. General tourist information.

National Tourist Department, Juárez 89. General travel information.

EMEX Travel Club, Juárez 89. Highway information. Publishes an excellent auto travel bulletin in English.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

National University of Mexico: Escuela de Verano, San Cosme 71, México, D. F., México.

Mexico City College: Elizabeth T. de López, Dean of Admissions, Km. 16, Carretera México-Toluca, México 10, D. F.

Interamerican School: Srita. María del Refugio Galindo, Parque Azteca, Saltillo, Coah., México.

University of Michoacán: Director, Escuela de Verano, Melchor Ocampo 351, Morelia, Mich., México.

San Miguel de Allende: Instituto Allende, San Miguel de Allende, Gto., México.

Taxco School of Art: Fidel Figueroa, Director, Apartado 51, Taxco, Gro., México.

University of Guadalajara: Dr. Luis Farah, Rector, Guadalajara, Jal., México.

Asociación Nacional Ecuestre, Rancho del Charro, Lomas Chapultepec, México, D. F., México, for the first time this summer, will offer classes in horseback riding, in the Mexican style, for foreigners.

FOOD... de luxe

Ambassadeurs, Reforma 12. French cuisine predominantly, Spanish specialties tops.

Cadillac, Melchor Ocampo 351. Fine for steaks: style generally, good bar-and-grill. Solovox.

Parador, Niza 17. Favorite of Mexican fashionables. Spanish cuisine. Makes a point of fish flown direct from Spain. Singers, guitarists, patio.

Francés Normandia, López 15. French and fancy. Excellent wines. Superb Coq au vin and lobster Thermidor. Music by Oscar, Viennese pianist.

Accolore, Hamburgo 87. Pleasant patio, Andalusian atmosphere. Accordion, violin, piano and singers.

Hotel Bamer, Juárez 52. Smooth service and food; international cuisine; consistently good.

Hotel Lincoln, Revillagigedo 24. Tops for seafood. Makes a point also of its fruit, provided in beautiful display and lovely variety.

Jena, Morelos 110. French and fashionable. (Our runner says try breast of capon "My Fancy" and Caneloni Rossini). Violinist Salvador Ruvalcaba and pianist Benjamin Santana.

La Cava, Insurgentes 37. Restaurant bar. La Cava signifies the palace wine cellar; hence the motif of this pleasant spot. Good French cuisine, above all smalls Bourguignon and chicken Maxims, the latter invented by Maxims in Paris. Music at night.

1-2-3, Liverpool No. 123. Restaurant bar, attractive patio. Special dishes such as pheasant in champagne sauce and marvelous Danish seafood, smoked or fresh salmon. Singers of popular songs from 2 PM; two pianists, one classical, one popular.

Passy, Ambers 10. Small, intimate, excellent food. Russian-French.

Quid, Puebla 154. Continental food in ultra modern decor. Also makes a specialty of charcoal-broils done at your table. Music by Pepe Jaramillo and Raúl Salaman, pianists, and the popular Elvira Rios, vocalist.

Rivoli, Hamburgo 123. Restaurant bar, decorated in 18th century French style. Delicious food, like goose liver and truffled pheasant. Meats and desserts served flaming at the table. Violin and piano.

Sobia, Palma 40. Restaurant bar. Try the grilled Chateaubriand, prepared before you, seasoned with sauces and cheeses. Another specialty is flaming pineapple. Pancholin at the piano.

Villa Fontana, Reforma 240. Italian specialties, steaks and seafood. Ultra-modern. Music at night.

FOOD... moderate

Angelo's, Florencia 39. Italian specialties; also good grill.

Bellinghausen, Londres 95. German food and barrel beer. Our runner says try the smoked pork chops.

Café Tacuba, Tacuba 28. Old favorite for after-theater Mexican snacks, and for this it's tops. Tamales, chocolate, etc., all made by best traditional recipes.

Casino, corner Oaxaca and Sinaloa. Sausages and beer, etc.

Centro Vasco, on roof garden of Madero 6. (Pasate América.) Spanish food to Spanish standards, both in quantity and quality. Good red wines.

Csardas, Atoyac 93-A. (Behind Cline Chapultepec.) Good spot for after-show. Pleasant atmosphere, light violin music, wines.

Dixie, Renán 22. Southern American, small, very good.

Engadín, Insurgentes and Yucatán. Delicious Swiss specialties: fondue, platí Renés (beef braised with vegetables and sausages), Bratwurst with Swiss-style potatoes.

Jet, Mariano Escobedo 543. Giant hamburgers and American style coffee.

Konditori, Génova 61. Coffee and tea shop. Quiet place to savor pastries and Danish specialties.

La Cucaracha, Gante 1. Bar-and-grill, steaks the specialty. Closed Sundays.

Las Chalupas, Reforma and Montes Urales; Insurgentes and New York. Rotisserie, and good Mexican specialties. Curb service, also pleasant porch for outdoor lunching.

IN THE SHOPS

Being feminine, in the spring of the year we almost always yearn for perfume. Does this happen to all women? We don't know, but thinking it possible, we made a round of cosmetics counters. Here are our best finds:

Perfumerías Ritz, at Insurgentes 400-B, as well as in their branch at Hidalgo 3 in Acapulco, have another exciting creation of the French perfumers, *Magie* by Lancome. Packaged in bottles of various sizes, the 30 cc sells for 240 pesos, 15 cc for 140, and the tiny 10 cc size for 90 pesos. In these same Arpège perfumeries, Lanvin's extract is sold at 455 pesos for 54 cc, and 144 pesos for 15 cc.

At the Palacio de Hierro, Venustiano Carranza and 20 de Noviembre, Marchel Rochas offers *Femme*, a concentration of femininity mixed with coquetry. The 90-gram flask costs 608 pesos, the 60-gram 435, and the 30-gram bottle is 240 pesos. Le Gallon's *Sortilegio* may also be found there, priced at 479 pesos for two ounces, one ounce for 282.

Intoxicación and *Fantastique*, the two most popular scents of the House of D'Orsay of Paris, are to be found at Insurgentes 388. Each is available for 395 pesos in the two-ounce bottle, and 120 in the half-ounce flask.

These prices are considerably less than in the United States, so if you are a visitor, perfumes make an interesting shopping item. And, for residents—what better way to endear oneself to Stateside friends than by taking them perfume, and French! A. M.



La Terraza, Insurgentes at entrance to bullring and stadium. Good food, particularly grills. Also, Landowsky and his Gypsy violin. Dance floor, orchestra from 6 PM.

Luna Park, Av. del Castillo 66. This is a barbecue stand, Mexican ranch-style, and a favorite Sunday noon, after-the-horseback-ride stop. Wonderful traditional Mexican food, charcoal-cooked. Curb service, take-home, and tables under an arbor, too.

Prendes, 16 de Septiembre 10. Spanish mainly; excellent seafood, as a rule.

Sanborns. Long a tourist favorite, now has three restaurants. House of Tiles, Madero 4, once a colonial palace; closes at 10 PM. In American Embassy building, Reforma and Lafragua. Schrafft style food and service, good spot for after show; open day and night. Downstairs at Hotel del Prado, simple American fare, at high standard; open day and night.

Shirley Courts, Calz. Manuel Villalongin 139. Good American cooking, southern style. Quality hamburgers.

Tibet Hamz, Juárez 64. Chinese food.

NIGHT SPOTS

Capri, Juárez 70. Continental food. Floor shows at 11:30 PM and 1:30 AM.

Club Reforma, in Hotel Reforma. Mexico's newest ultra-swank dine and dance place.

El Patio, Atenas 9. Long an American favorite, has pleasant atmosphere, good floor shows.

Las Catacumbas, Callejón Dolores 5. Makes a big deal of being spooky, and can be fun. Not swank.

Rincón de Goya, Toledo 4. Spanish food, good wine. Try the eels a la Baibaina with olive oil and garlic, or the famous paella, saffron-flavored rice with meats, shellfish and vegetables. Entertainers include Jaime and Rosarillo, Spanish dancers, and Malena Vázquez, Gypsy singer, plus a lively group of Spanish singers with accordions and tambourines.

Tenampa, Plaza de Garibaldi. This is where gay parties generally wind up. It is a honky-tonk bar, its specialty, guitarists. Ladies must not go unescorted.

Versalles, Hotel del Prado. Continental atmosphere, dine-dance. Floor shows frequently feature French singers. Good food.

BEAUTY SHOPS, BARBERS, BATHS

Baños La Torre, Alvaro Obregón 42. Departments for men and women; also individual steam rooms.

Don Ramón, Madero 6. Pasaje América. Beauty parlor, English spoken.

El Harém, Bolívar 26. Barber shop and steam baths. This was grandfather's, father's and oftentimes son's favorite hangout. Used to be the best place to hear the juiciest social or political gossip.

Godefroy, Balderas 44. Beauty parlor, English spoken.

Hotel Regis, Juárez 77. Steam baths. Open from 6 AM to 8 PM weekdays; from 6:30 AM to 2 PM Sundays. Also swimming pool, beauty shop, barber shop.

Hotel Ritz Beauty Shop, Madero 30. English spoken.

Pani Beauty Salon, Niza 23. French management, English spoken.

Salón Florencia, Florencia and Chapultepec. American-managed beauty shop.

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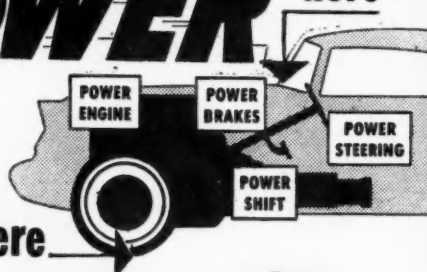
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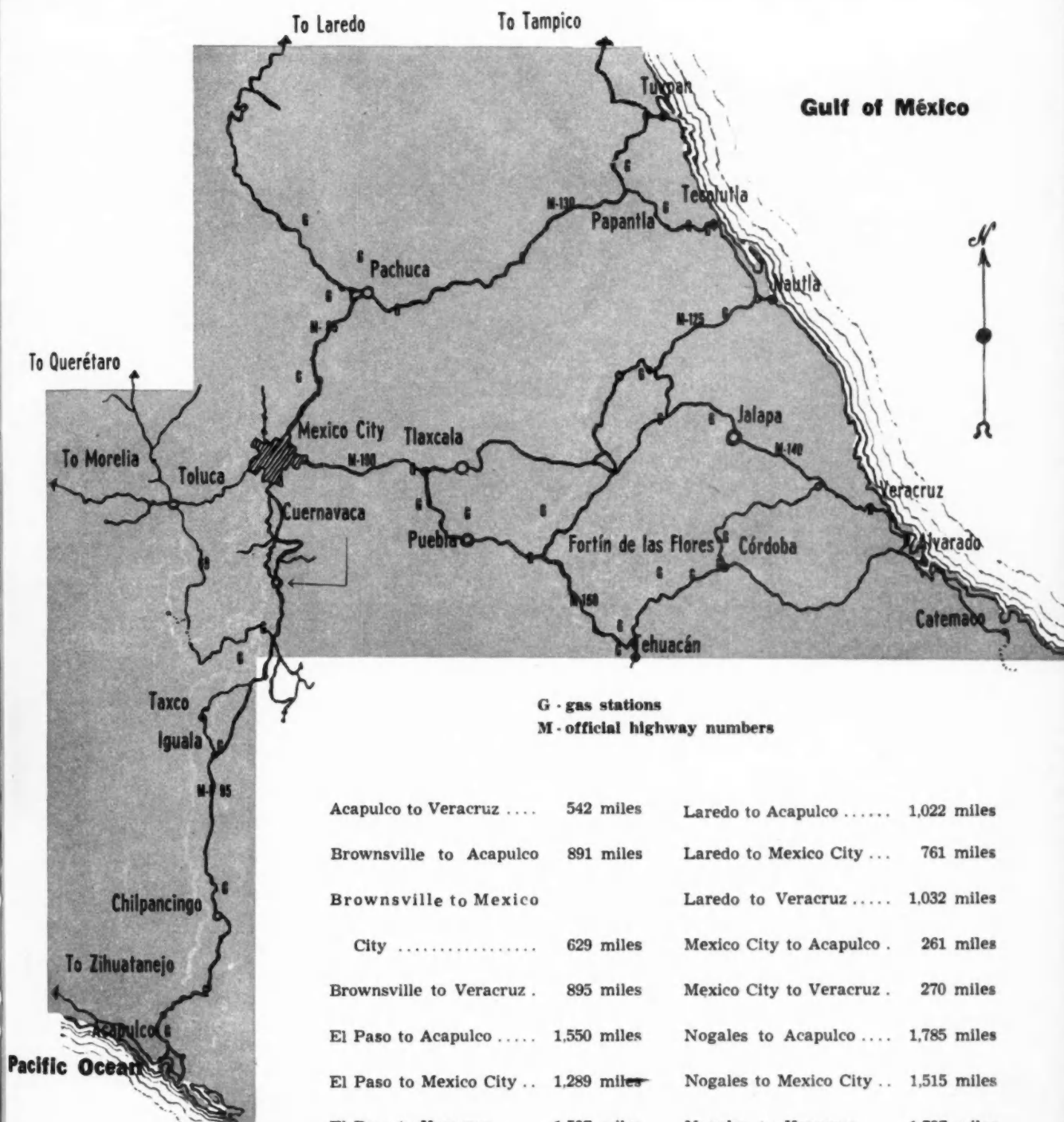
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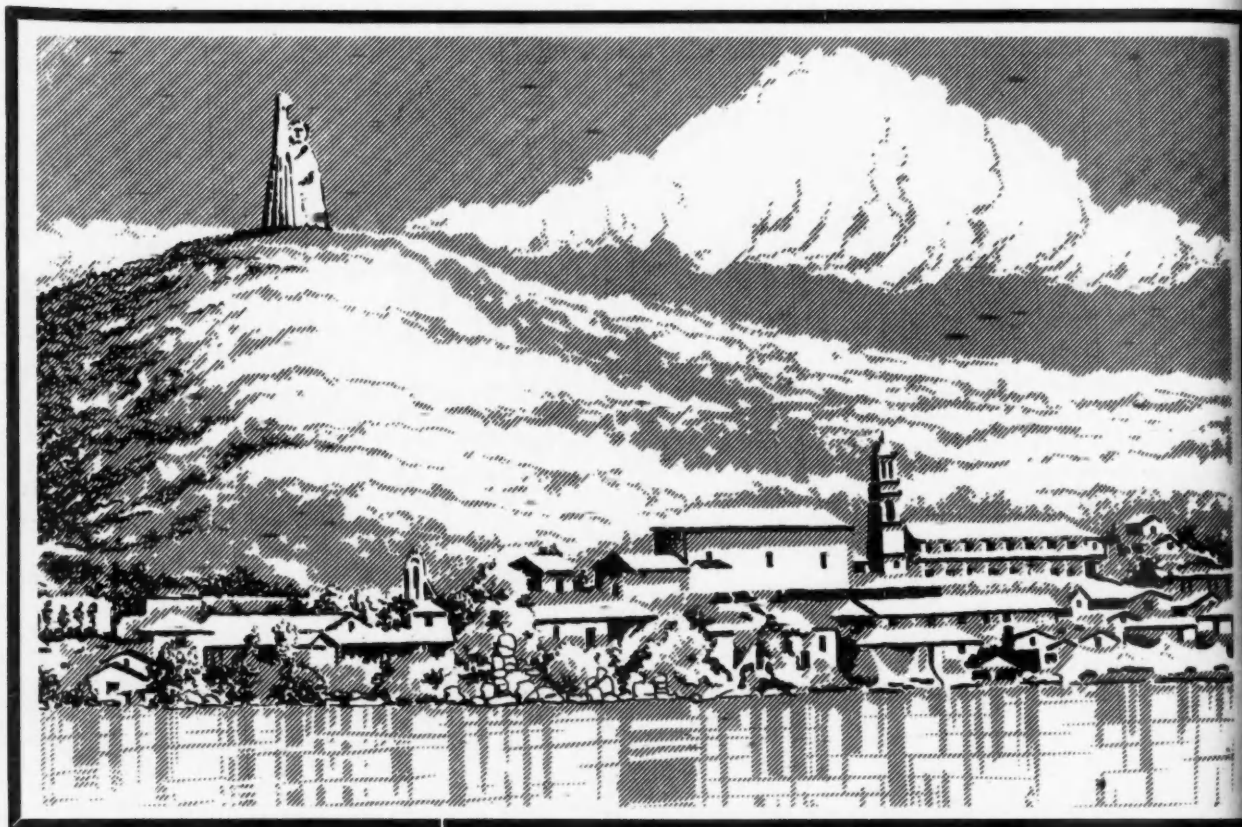
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